

# The OTEEN

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SURGEON GENERAL'S OFFICE

OFFICIAL WEEKLY OF U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL No. 19  
PUBLISHED AT OTEEN, NORTH CAROLINA

Vol. I

Saturday, Dec. 7, 1918

No. 5



*The*  
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**"DAUGHTER"**  
*in the WORLD*

A. T. FARLEY



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# The OTEEN

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Vol. I

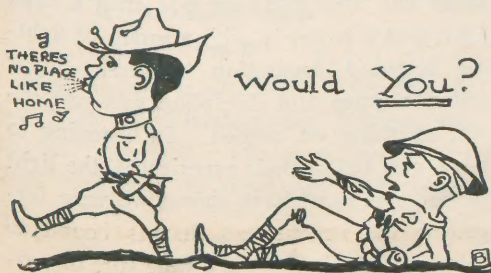
Saturday, December 7, 1918

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Were you actively engaged on the open battlefield, had made a good fight, and come through unscathed, would you let the fight finish there, and your comrades that had given as much as you, and more, lie there unattended, letting time do what it would with them? We are on a battlefield at Oteen, tho' of a different kind—and in the fire—and are we coming out of it with the knowing that we have proven ourselves to be the stuff that real soldiers are made of? We have our sick and wounded. They need attention and care. Our battle has but started—the fight of sticking endlessly onto the job and finishing up the work creditably that has been assigned to us.

There are men of the post whose sole object is obtaining their discharge. It is confined mostly to men who have been in the service but a short time. Give the men of service abroad a thought. They, for the greater part, will be in active service for a year more. The men coming into service during the past six months should consider themselves fortunate to be able to throw an extra six months in for good measure—because, after all, their stint has been limited.

From the Commander down to the last Private, we should be anxious to see the job well done, and every living man in the patient's personnel go out with a clean bill of health. Not until then is our work over.



Obviously we need say more.

The fundamental principle upon which any transportation system is based, is service. Service, as interpreted by the layman, is a regular schedule, trips to be made at reasonable intervals and certainly at a nominal fee. The Orange Star Buss Line gives neither good service nor does it make this seven-mile journey to Asheville at a reasonable rate.

Occasionally the cars leave the Square on schedule time. Invariably before the trip is terminated, engine trouble develops and the occupants are compelled to complete their journey as best they can. It is quite the usual thing to see at least one of the cars of this line lying useless somewhere along the Swannanoa Road. Suffice to say it is an absolute pleasure and relief when the ride is completed. In addition to the atrocious service of the Orange Star Line, we have also to contend with several private hack drivers.

Four patient soldiers from this post, who had late passes on Wednesday night a week, were asked three dollars each for the ride. Twelve dollars for so short a journey merely proves our contention that the hacksters are preying upon us. We have no intention of using our khaki garb as an argument for better service at cheaper rates, but it seems that it would certainly be good business policy to maintain as efficient a system as is possible. If you don't, others will.

This week's cover design was drawn especially for The Oteen by Albert T. Farrell, the creator of charming Phoebe Snow, of Anthracite fame, for which we extend our heartfelt thanks.

We, the editorial staff, no longer have to confine our workshop to our hip pockets. The Red Cross have taken us to their hearts, and given us a pretentious office on their main floor. Those with a kick, a desire to look us over, or even a contribution now and then, can find us there. Looks like The Oteen is here to stay—and help us to toot our horn.



Just now it seems fashionable to be a little daft on the all engrossing subject of Bolshevism—and it is human nature to want the prohibited thing—and that which is withheld from us. The national feeling, politically, is governed by the fear that this strange and ungovernable disease will spread everywhere. In lieu of a specific measures of the strictest quarantine are urged—because many think the war ended just in time to save the whole war from the terrible experiences of being swallowed up by the Bolsheviki. Remedies and palliatives are increasingly discussed.

But frankly, PROLETARIAT and BOURGEOISIE are the reddest words in the Red's vocabulary, and unfamiliar to American newspaper readers. Literally PROLETARIAT means the indigent laboring class, BOURGEOISIE means a middle class, owning all the property not already held by the very rich.

Fear of Bolshevism in America is an unsound political emotion resting upon the false assumption that people are as much alike socially as pathologically, so that an idea germ, like the influenza germ, can suddenly sweep over all the races of the earth. It is not so. The American people are immune from Bolshevism in its European form—a Lenine here would be like a typhoid germ in what doctors call a typhoid carrier, perfectly harmless to his host. We are a flexible folk. Every citizen has his own Bolshevik thought toward something, and enough of the spirit of revolt to keep him politically healthy. He is still greater than his institutions, which are but his own creations. And he is the most prosperous citizen in the whole world., not because the resources of this country are exceptional, but because he is flexible, free, adventurous and self-restraining.





OFFICIAL

## BULLETIN OF ORDERS

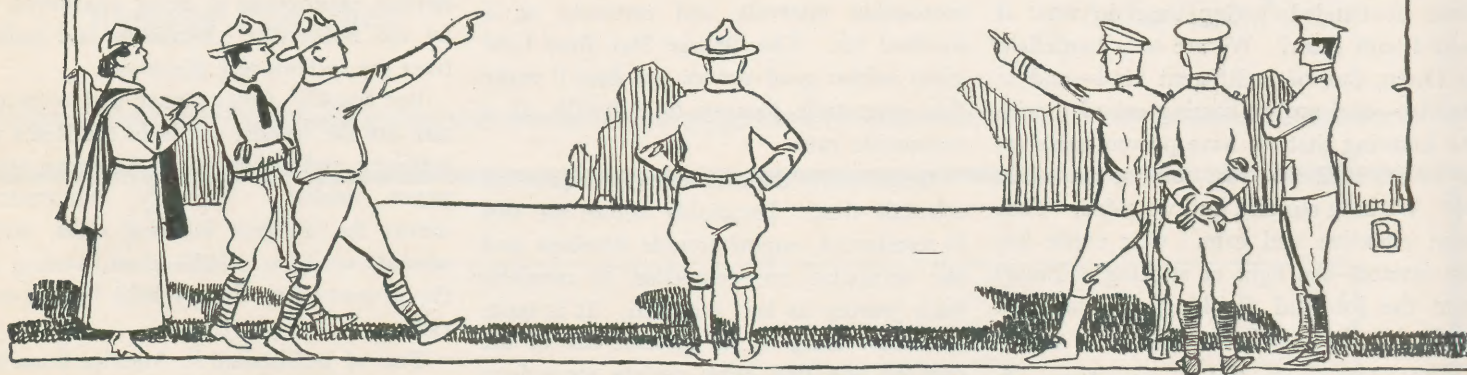
The Hospital Laundry will be prepared to do private laundry work for members of the Post beginning December 9th, 1918. This Laundry will be received at the Laundry on Mondays and Tuesdays.

Officers sick in the Hospital will not leave the Ward until Ward Surgeons have made their rounds. They will not leave the Hospital without permission of the Ward Surgeon, and will not remain out after 9:00 p.m. without permission from the Commanding Officer.

When leaving the Ward, they will register their name in a book giving their destination and probable hour of return. Guests or relatives of officers will not be served meals at the Hospital.

Rest hours for all patients will be from 1:00 to 3:00 p.m. They must be strictly observed. Every patient, unless otherwise instructed by the Ward Surgeon, must be undressed and in bed during this period. Talking, reading or writing are not permitted at this time.

Patients will not be allowed to use the telephone except with the permission of the Ward Surgeons. The use of the telephone for long distance calls is not allowed except at the Pay Station.



## SEEING IT THROUGH

By PVT. DANIEL MURPHY

*Fourth Installment of Incidents in my Year  
and a Half in the Warring Territory*

As I said in my last installment we joined the steady stream of doughboys marching toward our ultimate—the battle-front. We were again entrained and after two days of slow going in the “huckleberry” French box cars we were brought near the famous city of Soissons. It was here that we saw the first real destruction wrought by the vicious German guns. As we marched through the city the terrible havoc confronted us—of what had once been one of France’s fair cities. Not a building had been left unshelled. Hate had never played a large part of my Irish makeup—but this wicked havoc sure made our blood boil, and inwardly resolved that still another grudge had to be settled before we were through.

As we reached the outskirts of the city we crossed a bridge which plainly showed that fierce fighting had taken place there. The farther edge of the bridge was one mass of wire entanglements and from there on not even the foundation of a house remained standing—and in many places the roads were torn by shell fire beyond recognition.

We were quartered in a town about three miles outside of Soissons bearing the name of Cuffies, which had been held by the Germans but a fortnight before our entrance. This town, as did all the others in this vicinity, showed signs of terrific hand to hand fighting, and just outside of the town some Frenchmen showed us an old trench which had been used in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. To show their limit of desecration the Boches had dug their fortifications in the town grave yard—but they had been cleaned out by the plucky French fighters in no time. With a day’s rest here we were keen to be on the march again, and soon entered the town of Terny-Sourny. There wasn’t a house standing,

and we were obliged to live in one of the numerous caves, which that country is noted for. Our battalion was billeted in the most cathedral-like place nature could have provided. A hundred years old they said it was, and capable of holding 15,000 men—providing ample room for bunks and the equipment of nearly a division of men.

From here we went out on nightly working parties. New men in the fighting game adopt themselves to the game quickly, and we were no exception. Every night our patrols went out into the open, and in a few nights were familiar with the territory about us. Our battalion was split a little later, and was put in with a group of fighting seasoned Australian troopers. Their ardor, courage and discipline was just the sort of thing we needed. In listening to those men tell of their experiences, the light in our eyes must have shown we were forgetting the nervousness that is bound to seize a “first timer.” We were sure of our-

(Continued on page 20)





# CAPS & CAPE



*Conducted by the Nurses*

Given any group of fifty women or more, it is interesting to note the variety of opinions expressed upon almost any subject under discussion. Concerning our efforts to be alive and represented as a part of Oteen's staff of writers (we are proud of this magazine from its clever cover to its last word by ad) there is always room for individual judgment. One thinks *slams* much too numerous and most unkind. Another that we are too serious and any joke they especially enjoy must go to Oteen through other channels than the one through which they are asked to contribute. It is not desired that the page should give but one viewpoint but that it should really be your mouthpiece. On the other hand, remember that what one pronounces "Sunday-school stuff" another commends. Also that Asheville friends, your homefolks and others who pay for Oteen appreciate something they can understand. A variety is much desired. Some of us are not nurses but associated with the work of the Hospital and this page is the place where we should voice our sentiments. Sign your contribution in some way and be known as from laboratory, library or office, but we want the women workers of this Post to stand together. Why not?

■ ■

The Night Nurses took a trip by ambulance to Black Mountain and vicinity on Sunday afternoon. One of the pleasant features of the outing was the visit to Montreat, where we were very pleasantly entertained. From a high point on the mountain side we had a magnificent view, and our guide, the Proprietor, of Montreat, explained to us the religious and educational work of this beautiful resort.

■ ■

Miss Smith's invitation to a program on her ward on Thanksgiving evening was promptly accepted. The music and recitations were just the right sort to be entertaining.

■ ■

To be—or not to be,  
That is Oteen.

## ANOTHER ANSWER TO "WHAT COULD BE SWEETER?"

A discharge.  
Mother Kellog's sugar.  
No working day.  
Her laugh.  
Rest.  
Our guard's club.  
Dell confined to post.  
Her silence.  
A moonlight stroll in Central Park.  
Oscher's own self.  
Miss Daniels as a Mother Superior.  
Happy's joy.  
Annette Kellerman.  
Nothing.  
Their presence.  
A clean shave for Freddie's baby face.  
The answer to her song.  
Her "Rice Rymes."  
His wife.  
Answer——E.J.L.

■ ■

Miss Kelly, at the Infirmary, is recovering rapidly from her throat operation.

■ ■

Miss Barry has been called home by the illness of her mother.

■ ■

Misses Eisele, Housel and a few others announce Christmas furloughs. Lucky girls!

■ ■

Thanksgiving Day was enjoyed in a variety of ways. The dinner was beyond all our anticipations and tablecloths and real napkins made us forget to be homesick. Of course we enjoyed the evening at the Red Cross, where music and dancing finished an enjoyable day.

■ ■

Our Chief Nurse is on duty again and we wish that we might quote all the kind and appreciative things being said by the girls who understand the needs of our Hospital, which come under her management, and the welfare of the A.N.C. Robert Farr Standish is a member of our family and the best mascot the Nurses' Quarters could hope to have.

## "SOME LITTLE BUG WILL FIND YOU SOME DAY"

It is oftentimes a question  
In this age of indigestion  
As to what to eat and what to leave alone;  
For each microbe and bacillus  
And there's different ways to kill us  
And in time they always claim us for  
their own.

There are germs of every kind,  
In any food that you can find,  
On the market, or upon the bill of fare;  
Drinking water's just as risky,  
As the so-called deadly whiskey,  
And it's often a mistake to breathe the  
air.

Some Little Bug is going to find you some  
day,  
Some Little Bug will sneak behind you  
some day,  
Then he'll call for his bug friends,  
And all your earthly troubles end,  
Some Little Bug is going to find you some  
day.

The inviting green cucumber  
Gets most everybody's number,  
While Sauer Kraut brings on softening  
of the brain.

When you eat banana fritters,  
Every undertaker titters,  
Apple dumplings kill you quicker than  
a train.

Eating lobster, cooked or plan,  
Is only flirting with ptomaine,  
While an oyster sometimes has a lot to  
say.

But the clams we eat in chowder  
Make the angels sing the louder,  
For they know that we'll be with them  
right away.

Some Little Bug is going to find you some  
day,  
Some Little Bug will sneak behind you  
some day,  
Eating huckleberry pie  
Is such a pleasing way to die,  
Some Little Bug is going to find you some  
day.



# EDITORIAL

## *To the Folks at Home*



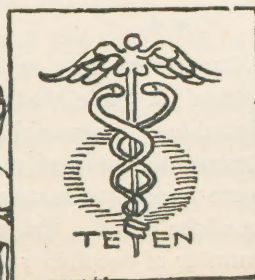
THE one important factor in conducting a hospital, sanatorium or health resort is to maintain an air of cheerfulness and contentment among the patients. Men who are blue and depressed, men who are homesick and men who believe that they are unjustly detained in the Army do not get well as quickly as do the men who are contented with their surroundings.

In building reconstruction hospitals the Government has done all that it is humanly possible to do to place the broken down or diseased soldiers where they will be restored to health and usefulness. Nothing that can contribute to the comfort and wellbeing of the soldiers has been neglected. In the matter of food, clothing, housing and medical attention the Government has spared neither pains nor money in making its hospitals ideal. The matter of climate has been considered, both from the standpoint of health and from the standpoint of cheerful surroundings. The comfort of the patients is further ministered unto by the representatives of the Y.M.C.A., the Red Cross and the Knights of Columbus. The patients in these hospitals are kept there, not as a punishment, but because their physical conditions are such that they are unfit for the ordinary vocations of civil life. There are in the Oteen Hospital at this time about one thousand patients, nine hundred of whom it is perhaps safe to say will be entirely cured within a year's time if they are permitted to remain here. If returned to civil life in their present condition, perhaps one-half of these men would not get well and it is a conservative estimate to say that in two years from now one-fourth of them would be dead. The Government does not run hospitals for fun or for graft or in the interest of any political party. It is actuated by a high sense of moral obligation to the men who won the war. It is doing for them what they would not be able to do for themselves. It is saving them to friends and to usefulness before it is eternally too late. It will see that every man, as soon as it is safe for him to do so, making due allowance for the time necessary to demobilize a great Army, is permitted to return to civil life.

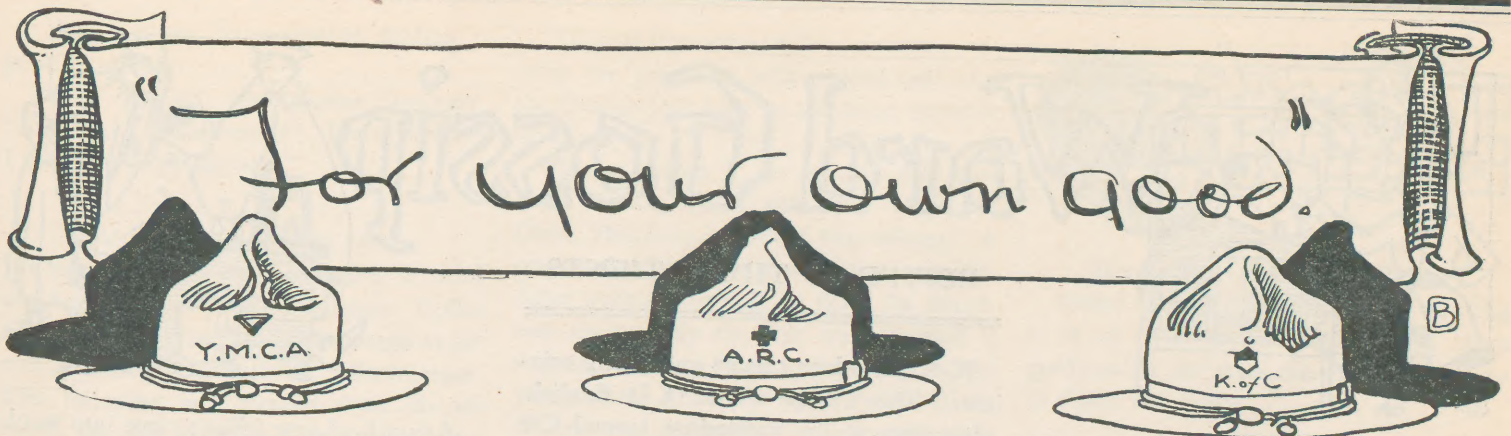
It is perfectly natural that these men should wish to go home; that they should wish to see their loved ones and to resume the business enterprises given up when they entered the Army. This desire has been fanned into a passion by the cessation of the War and by a knowledge of the fact that other men are being rapidly dismissed from the Army.

It is a difficult problem to care for men in a hospital whose one great desire is to go home. This problem is too often made doubly difficult by the nature of the letters which the men receive from home. If, instead of thinking up every possible home trouble to write these men, the people at home would write cheerful letters, it would do much toward maintaining a cheerful atmosphere in the Hospital and thereby helping each man on to a cure.

—CAPT. B.K.H.







## Y.M.C.A.

When your billet is a barnyard and your  
bed is creeping hay,  
When it's raining and you're out of luck  
and (likely) out of pay,  
When the only girl you want to see is a  
million miles a way—  
What's the answer, Kid? The answer is  
the old Y.M.C.A.

If it wasn't for the friendly huts they run  
up overnight,  
Where a guy can find some smokes and  
make a place to read or write,  
Or maybe see a picture show or watch a  
ten-round fight,  
Why, Kid, we'd all go dippy before we end  
it right.

But don't you lose no sleep about our funk-  
ing any scrap,  
For your wise old Uncle Sammy knows the  
way to treat a chap,  
When he's half-the-world from Homeland,  
is to dot the muddy map  
With snappy Red Triangles where the  
U.S.A.'s on tap.

They treat you like you'd ought to be, they  
treat you like a man;  
They don't make no distinction, and they  
don't put any ban  
On a guy who's never signed his name to  
no Salvation plan—  
You're good enough for them if you're a  
good American.

But, believe me, Kid, there's times—well,  
take my case the other day,  
When a whiz-bag kind of shock me up and  
make me wonder—say,  
When you have to talk to someone, and you  
don't know how to pray,  
What's the answer, Kid? The answer is  
the old Y.M.C.A.

—LEE WILSON TODD.

## RED CROSS NOTES

Although the lack of steam heat necessa-  
rily curtails all plans for the Convalescent  
House, the Red Cross gave its first party  
on Saturday evening. The two hundred and  
fifty convalescent patients, who were the  
guests, enjoyed an informal social evening  
—popping corn, bobbing for apples and  
playing cards. There was lots of good  
music and a number of amusing stunts by  
the boys themselves. Fruit punch was  
served.

□ □

Mr. O. H. Gillespie, the Assistant Asso-  
ciate Field Director is a valued addition  
to the Red Cross Force.

□ □

The officers of the Field Director, Mr.  
Howe, and of the Associate Field Director,  
Mr. Moore, are now on the first floor of  
the Red Cross Building.

□ □

It is pleasant to know that the editorial  
staff of "The Oteen" will have quarters on  
the first floor of our building.

□ □

The Red Cross is planning many social  
evenings and would like the names of all  
boys who can play on musical instruments,  
or add to the interest of these evenings in  
any way. Please give these names to Mrs.  
Morris at the Convalescent House.

□ □

If God has given you a voice, come each  
Sunday morning at Ten and help in the  
Song Service at the Red Cross.

Captain Charles S. Owen, Signal Corps,  
U. S. A., has reported at U. S. A. Gen.  
Hospital No. 19, for temporary duty in con-  
nection with the Signal Corps, telephone  
work, this Hospital. Upon completion of  
this duty Capt. Owen will return to his  
proper station, Charleston, S. C.

## K. OF C.

Another pleasing entertainment in the  
form of a dance was held this past week at  
the K. of C. Hut. These occasions are  
supported through the co-operation of the  
Ladies of St. Lawrence Welfare Association  
of Asheville.

— ★ —

Secretary Downie wishes all *talent* of the  
Post to send in their names, so that he can  
arrange a Home Talent Play in the near  
future. Don't forget the morning classes  
of Shorthand and Typewriting.

— ★ —

## "DIARY OF A SECRETARY"

Sunday—Week opens by religious service  
for thirty minutes. Mass is celebrated at  
8:30 a.m.

Monday—The morning is spent repairing  
damages from Sunday's pool fest, such as  
cues retipped, etc.

Tuesday—Downie says he writes letters  
for Patients. I wonder what Ward he does  
most work in?

Wednesday—Automatic Piano out of or-  
der! Why? Caught cold from being idle.

Thursday—Floor is waxed and big dance  
is held in evening with *real* girls from  
Asheville attending.

Friday—As Secretaries visit the Wards,  
etc., they answer the same question 9999  
times, namely: "When is the next dance  
to be held?"

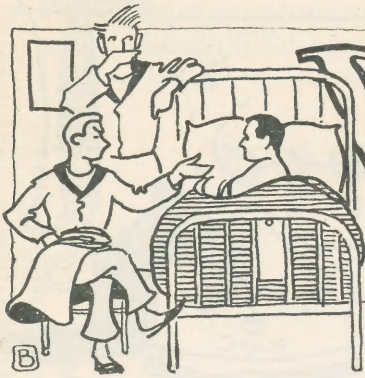
Saturday—The Oteen is out; nuf ced.

— ★ —

This is the Land where hate should die—  
No feuds of Faith—no spleen of Race,  
No darkly brooding fear should try  
Beneath our Flag to find a place.  
Lo! Every people here has sent  
Its sons to answer Freedom's call;  
Their life blood is the strong cement  
That builds and binds the Nation's wall.







Patriotism isn't dying for your country—it is trying to live for it uprightly and usefully.

★ ★

Mystery — when do our noble band of warriors play Kenilworth?

★ ★

To greatly increase drink sales at the Exchange we should have a foot railing—to make the boys feel at home.

★ ★

AN ODE TO THE SWANNANOA ROAD  
It wiggles in, it wiggles out,  
And leaves the stranger much in doubt,  
Whether the snake that made the track,  
Was going out or coming back.

★ ★

Private (to new sergeant)—“Why they give you guys stripes is one too much for me.”

Sergeant—“Not for loafing on our jobs, anyway.”

Private—“No, if they did you'd look like a herd of zebras.”

★ ★

Sergeant — “What's the matter, pal? Have you been trying for the camp football team?”

Private—“Not on your life. I've just ridden from town on the Orange Star.”

★ ★

A new arrival acknowledged, before taking a late trip home on the Orange Star, he never knew that sardines were packed. Now he can pick up a box of the savory little fish and show how a great deal of open space had not been utilized.

★ ★

And this same good-natured boob said: “If you never tried to sleep folded up like a buttered bun, with your hike shoes in your next-door neighbor's face, and his in yours, you've never had a bit of fun.”

★ ★

And to think that there was one of the detachment politicians getting back from his furlough last week—who complained that he could get nothing but an upper birth out of the Big City.

# Ward Gossip

EDITED BY THE PATIENTS

W-1 asks where rumors and gossip originate. They'd better ask P. O. D. English, after some of his wanderings around C-2.

★ ★

Axelrod wired for a khaki suit the other day. Things must be getting pretty warm for Sol these days.

★ ★

Jenkins claims to be a Mormon. We grant every claim, judging the number of packages.

★ ★

We of W-1 are glad Artistic Halverson is back—and now for the midnight parties of his'n, Davis and Cloud assisting.

Hanley, of H-1, thinks he's getting us sore with the prospect of the ten-day furlough. Not so, as long as he stays round with us that brace of dice, he stays with a busted crowd.

★ ★

Sgt. Charlton, Wardmaster of H-1, has come back into the fold—much the worse looking for wear.

★ ★

## TO A NURSE

No heartache shall you know,  
While all thy love is mine,  
While through this world we roam  
My heart is truly thine,  
And, oh, how happy I would be,  
Kid, if I knew that yours were mine.

—E.H.M.

★ ★

Winter must have signed an armistice!

## SOME HIKE!

“Astronomers tell us,” said the man of statistics, “that an express train moving a hundred miles a second would consume several million years in reaching a certain star.”

The other man sat silent, wrapped in thought.

“Did you hear me?” asked the man of statistics.

“Oh, yes, I heard you,” responded the other quietly. “I was just thinking what a predicament a chap would be in if he should miss the last train and have to walk.”



A bunch of new fellows came into ward. One of the old residents yelled at a newcomer:

“Hey, fellow, do you know why you are in bed? You are there to rest your lungs.”

The new chap was rather hard-boiled, but answered back sharply:

“Say, guy, if your brain was as good as my lungs, you'd be a smart fellow.”

—JOLLON.

★ ★

Sunday supper in one of the bed wards. A full house and lack of trays necessitated that two of the fellows eat in the kitchen. One makes a sandwich, which draws a sarcastic remark from the other fellow.

“Say, where do you think you are, with your ham sandwich and tea?”

“You poor boob, a Jew restaurant of course.”

★ ★

Sick call in one of the wards. Men are at “attention,” but two get into altercation and one loudly remarks:

“You are the biggest fool I've ever seen.”

The lieutenant was peeved at the interruption and spoke up sharply:

“Men, men, you forget that I am here.”

★ ★

Two chappies in Orange Star Bus. Bus stalls a mile from camp. Boys decide to walk, but have only proceeded a short distance when machine rapidly passes them. One says to the other:

“I thought we would get on better if we got off, but I see now we would have been better off if we had stayed on.”

## RATION RETURN ALL RIGHT

The inexperienced husband, now of the subsistence branch of the Quartermaster Corps, had just arrived home on furlough. In his excitement he handled the baby so roughly that some of tis dinner was shaken up. It was a new sight to him.

“Good gracious!” the young husband exclaimed, “the kid's certainly there with his ration return!”



"You say you have trouble finding a place to sleep?"

"Yes," replied the gloomy stranger. "But what's the difference? I'm so worried I couldn't sleep, anyway."

★ ★

#### AND STILL ANOTHER ONE

Chappie goes to town and after a round of festivities at the Bandanna Coffee House, he was (un)fortunate enough to secure a pint of the Distilled Effervescence. The following was gleaned from his remarks the next morning in regard to Asheville and Bust-head Whiskey:

★ ★

#### NEVERMORE

The lure of the white lights,  
With their tinsel and laughter,  
And women and song and drink,  
For come the mind blights  
In the head of the morning after  
That painfully begins to think:  
False joys away.  
Begone you empty dream  
Of nothing out of nothing,  
To you I say:  
Nevermore.

—S.L.P.

#### TO OUR RED CROSS NURSES

Does anyone think of the Red Cross Nurse?  
Does anyone care for the one  
Upon whose slender shoulders  
The cares of the soldiers come?  
They have left their homes for the sakes  
of us.  
And the boys of this fair land.  
And I for one appreciate  
The girls with a willing hand.  
They hurry up and down the ward.  
In the dead of night,  
Just to tuck the blankets round you  
And to see that you're all right;  
And when your fever is raging,  
And you're ready to pass in,  
You will bring the nurse right by your  
side,  
To bring you back again.

It's surely not a pleasant task,  
And it sure would make me curse,  
But what would we poor soldiers do  
If it wasn't for the nurse?  
Now if Providence proves kind to me,  
And I live through this awful strife,  
I think I'll look for a Red Cross Nurse  
And settle down for life.

H-5

'Tis true that some people and some concerns can get away with a good deal and the Orange Star Line is a shining example of the saying.

This afternoon a car started out from Pack Square, filled with men from the Oteen Hospital, including two officers. A couple of miles out of town the car stopped. After working for half an hour, the chauffeur doctored up the poor thing so that it was able to limp along for a few hundred yards before it stopped again. One of the officers was evidently in a considerable hurry, for he asked in an impatient voice:

"What in Hell's the matter with your car?"

"Well, you see," replied the driver, "in the first place this isn't a car, in the second it is like you fellows on pay day—it just stalls and waits."

—F.E.S.

★ ★

Scene: Some other hospital. Patient complains of bad tooth. Dentist, young, freshly gathered from college, operates; tooth comes out. Patient meekly says:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but didn't you pull the wrong tooth?"

"Yes," replied the D.D.S., "but you see that front tooth was easier to get at."

★ ★

#### ANOTHER RHYME

What's that I hear?  
Count the steps as they fall.  
It is the mail orderly  
A-coming up the hall.  
Perchance I'll get a letter,  
I begin to hope and pray,  
When up he comes and says:  
"Old boy, nothing for you today."

But, oh, how different,  
When I hear him say:  
"Pat, I've got a letter,  
A letter for you today."  
My heart begins a-singing,  
My joy I can't restrain,  
For now I have a letter  
Someone's written to me again.

And then  
My eyes fill  
With tears,  
For it is  
A bill  
Of last year's.

—S.L.P.

★ ★

Hospital Visitor — "These sketches are awfully good, but why do you draw such ugly women? Tell me, where do you get your subjects from?"

Patient—"Oh, mostly from the visitors."



#### "HOOKS PULLS ANOTHER BONE"

Hooks (while the violinist was playing a bit of "Kreisler's Classics") — "Mah goodness! it sho takes dat man a long time to chune dat fiddle."

★ ★

Pvt. Barnes—"Say Walker you said you wuz in France; how do dey spell hoss ober da?"

Walker—"Ch-e-v-a-u-x dats how."

Pvt. Barnes—"Den how you spell gun?"

Walker—"U-n-f-u-s-i-l."

Pvt. Barnes—"Gis one mo; how you spell chicken?"

Walker—"Oh man you know der aint but one way to spell dat."

★ ★

Bowman—"What eber dat is dey sticks in yo arm to make ya sleep, sho do hurt.

Batist—"Shucks dat aint nuffin I dun had free ob dem epidemics."

★ ★

We the patients of E-9 and I-3 hereby unite in asking the question—"Is Private English in the guard house again or yet?"

★ ★

Officer—Now Watts I'm going to give you a chance. The government gives to each colored soldier his choice of a "Watermelon farm," a "Possum grove," a "Poultry house," or a Discharge. Which do you prefer.

Watts—Suh Capen! I dont tink dat am a fair question.

It is known a soldier in his communications with his superior officer must use formal and precise language of military propriety. The lesson must have sunk in, because on an occasion when a certain private found himself in a forward rifle pit and for the first time heard German rifle bullets whistling past his ears he called a runner and dispatched to the secondary lines this exact message:

"Captain Robert O. Campbell,

Commanding Company B, —

A. E. F., U. S. A.

"Dear Sir: I am being fired on heavily from the left. I await your instructions.

"Trusting these few lines will find you the same, I remain, Yours truly,

"Jefferson Davis."





#### New arrivals:

Captain Robert L. Smith, 3rd Tr. Regt.  
 Captain George T. Taylor, M. T. C.  
 1st Lieut. Wilmer M. Priest, M. C.  
 1st Lieut. Henri A. Benoit, 56th Pioneer  
 Infantry.

2nd Lieut. Fred C. Hagan, Q. M. C.  
 Field Clerk, William C. Shipley.

★ ★

On Saturday morning, we were highly honored by a visit from Colonel Bushnell. His interesting and instructive half-hour talk was greatly appreciated, and we take this opportunity to express our thanks to him, and to the Commanding Officer for arranging this meeting.

★ ★

We are all very sorry to hear that we are losing Maj. Turnbull as Chief of Medical Services, as our associations with him have been extremely pleasant. Inasmuch as he is to occupy a higher position at his new station, we congratulate him and extend to him our best wishes. Major Loomis, who replaces him, is an old friend to some of us, and we are glad to welcome him.

★ ★

On Thanksgiving night, the Officer Patients enjoyed the hospitality of the Asheville Country Club, at a dinner and dance. The evening was one of the pleasantest that we have had since arriving here, and the kindness of our fair hostesses was greatly appreciated by all.

★ ★

Lieut. John D. Crews has started the exodus on holiday leaves. He took advantage of his thirty days, on December 1st.

★ ★

Make merry, each one,  
 Be glad you were born;  
 Think well of yourselves,  
 And toot your own horn.

The Old Jinx still pursues us. On completion of her tour of night duty, Miss Paxton was transferred to I-4. We are very sorry to lose her, and hope that she may be with us again soon.

★ ★

We wish to extend to the Editor our hearty thanks for including in last week's issue the "Fashion Notes for Men." Nearly all of us are recruits in the Service, and would feel mortified to death, should we appear in public improperly dressed. We are making every effort to attain that chic and jaunty appearance characteristic of officers of wider experience. We appreciate the kindness of an undoubted authority in enlightening us on these matters, as it is a privilege which has heretofore been denied us.

Wishing to make the most of our opportunity, we respectfully request the Fashion Editor, if it will not inconvenience him too greatly, to set us right on a few obscure points:

(1) Are we correct in assuming that campaign hats should be worn well back on the head, to expose the brow?

(2) Is the fashion of wearing the overcoat unbuttoned at the neck and turned back slightly the really distinctive touch?

(3) Should one attempt to show one's individuality in the spacing of his collar ornaments?

(4) On what particular occasions, if any, shall the flannel shirt-collar be worn turned down, over the coat-collar?

(5) Is there any authority for the wearing of olive drab stocks?

(6) Has the custom of wearing stiff white cuffs on dress occasions become obsolete?

(7) How long an interval should elapse between shoe-shines?

(8) Is the Francis X. Bushman type of hair-cut considered au fait?

In closing, we wish to thank the Fashion Editor for including us with officers.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

#### M. D. K. ON THE WAR DRIVE

It was on the night of the drive for the United War Workers Fund

And things were going along swimmingly.

I stopped at a cozy little

Queen Ann cottage on a side street. A pleasant-faced middle-aged

Mother had her check all ready for the fund. I thanked her and

Was about to leave when she stopped me.

There was a photograph

On a small easel and she pointed to it. The picture was that of

A Lieutenant of infantry. "He is my son," she said simply. A wane

Smile passed over her face. It was in action at the Argonne Forest

Near St. Michael that the war had claimed him. He was a medical student

And had elected to enlist in an hospital corps seeing no chance for

Overseas duty, he applied for a transfer into the doughboy outfit.

And he earned a commission. At the time when things were not any

Too bright for us at Argonne, this youngster, in his impulsive way

Led his command through the Forest in the face of terrible machine

Gun fire. He was mowed down. The little Mother related the story in

A low monotone. Occasionally a bright silver something appeared in

Her eyes and she brushed it away with a ridiculously small

Kerchief. It was a pathetic tale. And all the while I fumbled my

Service hat and was fidgety. And I tried to offer my sympathy and made a

Botch of it. I was most uncomfortable stood first on one foot, then

On the other. She was such a sweet little woman and her loss had

Been so tragic. In my clumsy effort to Console her, I told her that

She ought to feel proud of her boy. But it didn't sound appropriate.

It seemed that no one had made a dearer sacrifice. She had given her

All. In a situation of this kind it is invariably better to remain

Silent. But no, she needed condolence and in my crude attempt I only

Made a mess of it. Finally the Mother finished and I was conscious of

The desire to flee. I grabbed my hat and then thinking of the son

And the contribution simultaneously, like a damn fool said,

"Goodnight, very much."

M. D. K.





### "AS YOU WERE" SERIES—No. 1

#### CARRY ON

The Armistice having been signed and the President being on the eve of departure for France, the greatest speculations have arisen as to when we may be relieved from duty and go back to our homes and business pursuits. A perceptible slackening of effort is also noticeable. It is true, many of us have had longer service than most of the boys over there and it is also true that there is none of us that would not have exchanged places with them when they sailed from home. But it was the will of our Government that we remain on this side to return these boys to their homes and families in as perfect a condition physically, mentally and otherwise as it was possible to do. It was their duty to go to France and destroy human lives. It is our duty to remain here to restore and reconstruct them. They showed no yellow streak when their duty was plain, as results have proven, nor are

we going to in the midst of ours. It is our duty to build. It is more easy to destroy than to construct.

While their battles are fought and won, ours is starting, and we are rapidly approaching the climax. It is only a matter of a short time before our reorganized regulars will be here to relieve us. It would be a wonderful thing if our efforts were so systematized and our co-operation so perfected that this Hospital would be classed as the best in the world of its kind. It is not impossible for this to happen and requires only our best while we remain here. Let us give that, in the same spirit in which we offered our all when we enlisted. We have the personnel, Commissioned, Enlisted, Nurses, facilities and the best C. O. in the business. There should not be a diminishing of effort and our pride in all things concerned at Oteen. So with renewed vigor, while the boys come home, let us "carry on." LT. HOOKER.

#### LETTER FROM OUR FIRST CAMP OFFICER

"It is with much interest that I read letters from several of the men at Gen. Hosp. No. 19, and I hope this note will answer their letters as a whole, until I can find time to individually write. I received two copies of Oteen and feel very proud of publication. I am also proud of the original 43, whom I understand are a mainstay of the Hospital—and I know their promotions are well earned.

Our work goes on apace here. I am well, and surprisingly am gaining physically all the time. Please remember me to my friends of the Original Forty-three, in whom I will always be interested. Should they come through Washington will be glad to see them.

S. W. PENNINGTON.



# As You WERE.

B



## ART NOTE FROM KANSAS

A man at Mulvane, Kan., seeing a picture of the Venus de Milo on the back of a magazine, wanted to know if that represented another war atrocity.

—*The Atchison Globe.*

★ ★

## ANOTHER ARMY TO DEMOBILIZE

One of the problems faced by this country is, What are we going to do with all the public speakers created by the war?

—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

★ ★

Well Preserved Maiden (in electrical shop)—“I would like to see one of your osculating fans.”

★ ★

George—“I can't see why you wear your dresses so short!”

Patty (demurely)—“You can't?”

★ ★

Fearful—“Doctor, is it true that people are occasionally buried alive?”

Dr. Diggs — “It never happens to my patients.”

★ ★

Janet, aged nine, was taken by her mother to lunch at the house of a friend.

The hostess was of the talkative variety, and, in her enjoyment of certain interesting little incidents she was relating, quite forgot to give Janet anything in the shape of food.

After a lapse of several minutes Janet could endure this situation no longer. So, raising her plate as high as she could, she demanded in a shrill voice:

“Anybody here want a clean plate?”

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

## CANDOR

Drill Sergeant (to “boot” of three weeks' service)—“You say you had a home once?”

Boot—“Yes, sir.”

D.S.—“What did you ever do to make the folks comfortable and happy?”

Boot—“I left and joined the Marines.”

★ ★

The battalion commander saw a fire on the opposite hill and thinking it might be a signal, dispatched his orderly for a pair of glasses. The orderly ran over to headquarters and sticking his head in the door where the intelligent group were discussing war, liberty, etc., asked, “Has anyone a pair of glasses?”

There was absolute silence for five seconds—then someone innocently inquired, “Nose glasses?”

★ ★

“Is this medicine to be used only for local application?”

“Dear me, no; you can use it anywhere you happen to be.”

★ ★

Questioner—“Now, have you a mother or father or wife or child or anything of that sort?”

The New One—“No, sir; only flat feet.”

—*Trench and Camp.*

★ ★

Neighbor—“They tell me your son is on the college football team.”

Proud Mother—“It is quite true!”

Neighbor—“Do you know what position he plays?”

Proud Mother — “I'm not sure, but I think he's one of the drawbacks!”

## AS I JOURNEYED

While riding on the train today,  
I thought I'd while the hours away  
With nature's moving picture show  
And watch them come and watch them go;  
But as I tried to view the scenes  
All I could see was “Van Camp's Beans”;  
Then going on from bad to worse  
You'd swear this blooming universe,  
Mundane sphere as well as solar  
Drank nothing else but “Coca-Cola.”  
Then spreading until you can't endure 'em  
We see the signs of “Old Bull Durham.”  
It's “Campbell's Soup” and “Campbell's Chowder,”

Brother “Mennen's Talcum Powder,”  
And there upon the mountain height  
Which mars the beauty of the sight,  
Upheld between the earth and heaven  
You see old “Heinz's Fifty Seven.”  
And still they come and still they go  
“Pearline” and “Sapolio,”  
And still they go and still they come  
“Quaker Oats” and “Wrigley's Gum”;  
On and on with ne'er a halt  
“Harper's Rye” and “Duffey's Malt.”  
Suits for sons and gowns for daughters,  
Corsets, gloves and “Pluto Water.”  
Things for Automobile Buyers,  
“Klaxob,” “Hors” and “Non-Skid” Tires,  
“Sozodont” and “Mentholatum”  
Oh, ye gods, but how I hate 'em.  
You see them here, you see them there  
You see them printed everywhere,  
On big billboards, on big brick blocks,  
On barns, on fences, cliffs and rocks;  
There is not a single sylvan spot  
But has its advertising blot,  
In crazy riot, blatant boards,  
As thick as fleas or flies or Fords.  
Now mark my word, some day some gink  
Who is always thinking some new hink,  
Who knows full well the worth of space  
Will cinch the last remaining place  
And will add the very final smirch  
And offer free to paint your church  
If he can put upon the roof  
“Be sure your stockings are hole-proof.”  
Or else perhaps with religious cant  
His dope will take a moral slant  
And this will be the thing that's stated,  
“Prayer and work was once related,  
Prayer e'en now you should not shirk  
But the Gold Dust Twins will do your work,”

And then we will paint upon the steeple  
“Pinkish Pills for Palish people.”  
And I will wager all I'm worth  
That on that last fair day of earth  
Upon that last and awful day





When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
 The one who'll do the quickest stunt  
 Will be some advertising runt.  
 And there on resurrection morn,  
 He'll try for space on Gabriel's horn,  
 And as we are putting on our shoes  
 Or stretching after our lengthy snooze,  
 I'll wager that somewhere round the place  
 We'll see it, see it face to face  
 That old familiar, time worn dope,  
 "Good morning, have you used Pear's  
 Soap?"

But I am glad to think that on those gates  
 Where old Saint Peter calmly waits  
 Weighing beams and noting motes,  
 And separating sheep from goats,  
 Where swollen fortunes will seem sur-  
 prised

To hear of camels and needle's eyes  
 There'll not be nailed with golden nails  
 Bearing the sign of bargain sales;  
 Or as we go to put on our wings  
 And get our harps and other things,  
 Upon the way we will not see  
 Tacked upon some fence or tree  
 "Celestial robes, you'll find none finer  
 Try the house of Kuppenheimer"  
 Or if we draw the other route  
 Just as we start to shoot the shoots  
 No sign we'll read, "Don't be afraid,  
 Just buy a Pyrene Hand Grenade."

LT. COL. F.

★ ★

At the camp Y.M.C.A. a lonesome and pathetic looking soldier sat playing the phonograph. His mouth was drawn and he appeared homesick. The tune he was playing was "There's No Place Like Home." He played the record again and again. Finally a sympathetic "Y" Secretary asked him if he was blue and thinking of the folks at home.

"Naw," replied the soldier, "I ain't thinkin' of nothin'. All the other records is busted."

★ ★

#### DISPOSING OF ARMY SUPPLIES

Creation of a Board of Salvage in the Ordnance Department was announced by the War Department to dispose of the millions of dollars worth of accumulated materials, equipments and buildings acquired by the Government since the war has been on. Special boards also have been appointed to handle the demobilization of the thousands of temporary officers now in the different corps.

★ ★

The German Navy seems to have suffered from natural tirpitzude.

## Attention, Men !

The Post Exchange Barber Shop should be YOUR barber for three reasons:

1. Every instrument thoroughly sterilized before using.
2. Service excellent.
3. Prices cheaper than in Town.

B. H. HALL, Mgr.

*If our services please you, tell others; if not, tell us.*

*Special proposition to Soldiers. If  
 you contemplate purchasing  
 a car, see us.*

**Overland-Asheville Sales Co.**

Phone 2967

12-16 E. Walnut St.

## Laurel Tea House

AZALEA, N. C.

*"Everything Home Made"*

There is always an excellent meal awaiting the officers, enlisted men and nurses of G. H. No. 19 at the Laurel Tea House.

Home cooking and reasonable prices are the specialties. Remember it's

*"Just a Step Across the Road"*





Winter is upon us, there is frost in the air, we've had our first snow. To some of us it was a revelation. Those of us who hail from "Down East" or "Out West" looked distainfully upon this light sprinkle. All of which proves nothing, but does show that our point of view may belittle or enlarge anything.

Just such an atmosphere surrounds us now; officers, nurses, patients and enlisted men all in one accord. The war is over and we believe we have done our duty. We are not contented to remain for we believe our work is finished and the need for our remaining here unnecessary. We are the northerner belittling the slight flurry.

Let's be the fellow from the "Sunny South." Let's all realize the need of "stick-ing to it" a while longer.

★ ★

Distant fields seem green. We want what we cannot have. We are restricted and immediately we plan how to circum-spect that restriction. Restrictions are nec-essary, we all must be governed for a com-mon good. But some restrictions are not as necessary as others; perhaps some are not necessary at all. We dare not censor for we cannot distinguish. Let us state facts as they are. We see 'most any night clandestine meetings. A "cap and cape" and a "uniform." Some bend in the road must serve as a trysting place and like prowlers they must slink away. They have broken a restriction. It is a man-made re-striction. Is it necessary?

★ ★

We had a good laugh over the young hero's letter home who said he knew why Napoleon's picture always showed the great warrior standing with one hand in his shirt. There were cooties in those days too. The lad may not have been so very much mis-taken. Napoleon did not have the advan-tages of a large modern laundry plant such as we have here. Our laundry is now pre-pared to handle all our work and there is no reason why all of us should not be able to stand with our hands at our sides.

*The Observer.*

### NEW APPOINTMENTS

The following appointments, of the enlist-ed personnel of this Hospital, became effec-tive November 1st, 1918:

Sergeants Claude M. Bolser and Harry Goldman, Medical Department, are hereby appointed Sergeants, First Class, Medical Department.

Corporals Fred J. Davis, William M. Fox and Nathan Weiss, Medical Depart-ment, Privates First Class Clarence E. Clark, Morris Goldman, Geo. S. Carter and Harry J. Hornik, Medical Department, Privates James F. Bell and Frank Tampke, Medical Department, are hereby appointed Sergeants, Medical Department.

Privates First Class William E. Pelton, Josef Feinstein, Manuel D. Kornfield and Robert Mendelsohn, Medical Department, are hereby appointed Corporals, Medical Department.

Privates William R. Hill, Effie J. John-son and Lester D. Portwood, Medical De-partment, are hereby rated as Cooks, Medi-cal Department.

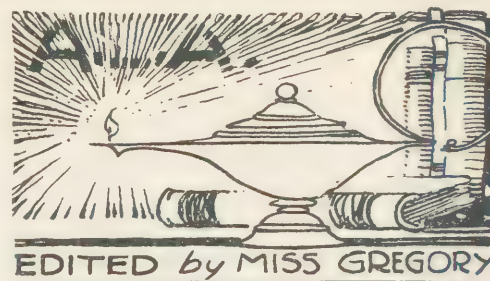
Privates First Class James Q. Baker and Henry Hall, Medical Department, are here-by rated as Surgical Assistants, Medical Department.

Cooks Allen G. Carlisle and Vere L. Hinman, Medical Department, are hereby reduced to Privates, First Class Medical Department.

Privates First Class Allen G. Carlisle, Medical Department, is hereby appointed Sergeant, Medical Department, and rated as Mess Sergeant, Medical Department. Pri-vate First Class Vere L. Hinman, Medical Department, is hereby appointed Sergeant, Medical Department.

Privates Robert C. Abbott, James M. Askew, George D. Beasley, Eli Boone, Thomas L. Burgess, Willie Cannon, Homer D. Cleveland, Wilton Coeey, Charlie W. Cribbs, Carl J. Floyd, Harvey T. Gold-smith, John H. Hall, Jessie H. Hazelwood, Guy Hurst, Bob Jarrell, Tharp R. Jordan, John W. Lawrence, Willie H. Miles, James R. Orr, James M. Reed, Lonzo N. Rhodes, Ellis E. Rochelle, Walter H. Sailors, Horace J. Thurmond, Kesler Tolar, William E. Wade, and Ephriam J. Williamson are hereby appointed Privates First Class.

Major P. A. Loomis, M.C., has report-ed for duty as Chief of the Medical Service, this Hospital, to succeed Major Turnbull, who has proceeded to General Hospital No. 13, Waynesville, for duty as Commanding Officer. Major Loomis comes to us from U. S. A. General Hospital No. 17, Markel-ton, Tenn.



EDITED by MISS GREGORY

Books on all phases of the war continue to be popular at the Hospital Library, the most popular being those of fiction having a war background. Two novels by William J. Locke, "The Rough Road" and "The Red Planet" are among the best of this type, other well known titles being "Chris-tine" by Cholmondeley, "The Secret of the Marne" by Berger, "The Tree of Heaven" by May Sinclair, and "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" by H. G. Wells.

Some doctors say that "one hearty laugh is as good as a case of pills." If this be true, there is a cure for the most severe at-tack of the blues in Lieutenant Streeter's "Dere Mable." It is a collection of letters from Bill to his very best girl back home, and is warranted to be unintelligible to any not familiar with camp life. "The Martial Adventures of Henry and Me" by William Allen White, is brimming over with the dry humor for which this author is famous. Another amusing book, written in semi-biblical style, as ancient history, is "The Book of Artemus, concerning Men and the Things that Men did do, in the Time when there was War."

War poetry is represented by Robert W. Service's "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man" and Rupert Brookes' Volume of Poems. Kipling's "Sea Warfare" and "Some Naval Yarns" by Mordaunt Hall show the work of the men of the Royal Navy.

President Wilson's messages and ad-dresses to Congress and the people of the United States are issued in a small volume called "In Our First Year of War."

Donald Hankey, who was killed in ac-tion on the Western Front, has written a collection of excellent essays interpreting the British soldier to his American brother soldier. Another book of essays is by Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the In-terior, which he calls "The American Spirit" and dedicates to "My Son in France."

These books and many others of a sim-ilar nature are now in the Library. If the one you have been looking for is not in this list, ask for it.



## BILL ON FURLOW AND DANCIN'

Dere Maude:

Rome wasn't bilt in a day and neither was this Camp. You'd think now that this here war is stopped they'd start in pulling down some of these buildens and lettin all the boarders go home; but instead there putting up more. A great big store house and a nu Y buildin and a bran nu mess hall on the hill and it looks like they aint never goner stop. It's mighty discouragin to us fellers what have suffered so much; eatin in the mess and gettin up in the mornin before we'd done sleepin and washin our own dishes and haven ter listen to the lrst sargents singing without throwin a fit, to think that we gotter stay here till awl these pashints get well. Thats what the feller what bunks next ter me told me. He sez "Bill, we'll get out of here just as soon as alls well!" So I sez to myself, if we've goner stay here so long I'm agoner put in fora furlow. So I goes to this here top sargent what I told you sings so rotten and tells him I wants a furlow fer a month. He seemed kind a surprised, cause I didn't ask fer more cause he sez, "Is that all you want." I tells him I just wants ter rest up a bit cause I wuz kind a run down and that a month wuz enuf. Then he asks me my name and writs it down in a book and sez that as soon as my turn comes around I'd get a five day pass. That all comes from being so important; they cant spare me fer more than five days.

Last Wensday nite they opened up the nu K of C buildin. First they had some speakin and then dancin. A feller what wore a coat what looked like a picture frame, black around the outside and white in the middle, made a speech givin the buildin to a lootenant who got up and sed he didn't want it but that we fellers could have it, and then seein that the buildin belonged to the fellers and the fellers didn't want no more speakin they let us dance. I met an awful swell dame and danced awl the time with her. She looked somethin like yer Maude, only you ain't got the swell clothes like she got. She was a dandy dancer too. She'd dance any place I'd push her. They gave us ice cream and cake. It didn't cost nothin. I had four portions.

Say Maude kin I ask you a favor. Will you knit me a pare of sox. My sister promised to knit me a pare last summer and aint got them yet and the pare what I'm warin is most worn out.

Obligefully,

BILL.



### INTERVIEWS WITH AZALEA'S PROMINENT PEOPLE

#### II. BIG SHORTY, BUSS DRIVER

Q.—"Good afternoon, Shorty, what time does this Bus leave?"

A.—"Directly, Boss, jest as soon as it am full."

Q.—"Well, what is the capacity of the Bus?"

A.—"This here Bus ain't got no capacity, it jest got fo' wheels and a spring."

Q.—"I mean, Shorty, how many people can it accommodate?"

A.—"Ah reckon, Boss, it don't accommodate nobody. At least Ah ain't ever heard anybody say so."

Q.—"You don't understand me. I want to know just how many people must be inside before it is full?"

A.—"Ah don't know exac'y. Jest as many as am wantin' to ride."

Q.—"But there must be a limit."

A.—"Yes, sir, Boss. The limit am as many as kin hang on."

Q.—"It must be quite a strain on the engine to pull so large a load?"

A.—"Ah don't know, Boss, Ah don't think these Buses have any engines."

Q.—"With so many passengers, your income must be quite heavy?"

A.—"That don't make no difference, Boss. Jest as many people goes out as comes in."

Q.—"You get me wrong, Shorty. I refer to the money you collect. The Bus should be quite profitable for the company?"

A.—"It shore am."

Q.—"How much do you turn in per day?"

A.—"About as much as I kin get out of the soldiers."

Q.—"And how many trips do you make a day?"

A.—"That's hard sayin', Boss. Ah generally don't finish the day."

Q.—"Explain yourself; just what do you mean by that?"

A.—"Y'see, Boss, these Buses ain't as young as they used to be and they get kind o' tired very easily."

Q.—"You mean, they stop?"

A.—"Sure 'nuf; they jests selects some nice shady spot and passes out."

Q.—"What do the passengers do?"

A.—"They waits till the next Bus comes along, what takes 'em a little ways further."

Q.—"How many Buses does the Company operate?"

A.—"About fo'teen."

Q.—"And how many are usually running at one time?"

A.—"Ah reckon 'bout two."

Q.—"How remarkable."

A.—"It sure am; Ah don't know how they keeps that many a-goin'."

Q.—"Well, Shorty, let's go; even the back step is crowded."

A.—"Jest a minute, Boss; one mo' passenger a-comin'."

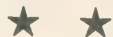
#### MAJOR TURNBULL LEAVES

Major William G. Turnbull, M. C., who has been Chief of the Medical Service since the opening of the Camp, has received notification from the Surgeon General, and already departed for Waynesville, N. C., to assume command of General Hospital No. 18. Major Turnbull is relieving Lt. Col. Davis, who is to proceed to the Surgeon General's Office, Washington. In anticipation of the arrival of many men from overseas, Waynesville is to greatly enlarge its scope—and is to be one of the exclusively tubercular hospitals in the country.

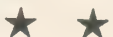
Major Turnbull has done a wonderful work here, and it is with sincere regret that the officers and enlisted personnel, and more especially the patients, learn of his leaving. But with the knowledge that he is to take up his work where he can give the result of his studies and experiences to so many others helps to make us willing to let him go—we being the richer for having had him with us in these months—and the Hospital greatly benefitted by his service.



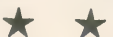
At the Mountain City Laundry  
clothes go in soiled and come  
out clean and fresh.



Your laundry is delivered to you  
when you want it.



Try us with your next lot of  
soiled clothes.



**MOUNTAIN CITY LAUNDRY**

PHONES 426-427

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Soldiers and Nurses will find it exceptionally desirable and satisfactory to  
buy at the

**I. X. L. DEPARTMENT STORE**

60 PATTON AVENUE

Everything they or their families need can be purchased here.

## Photographs for Christmas

*A Bright Ray  
For Dull Days*

Artificial light in our Studio enables us to make sittings any time in any weather.  
Sittings after 6:00 p.m. by appointment.

**Kodak Finishing** Any size roll developed for 10c. Packs 25c. Print-  
ing on double weight gloss paper or single weight  
dull paper at following prices:

2½x3½, or smaller, each.....	3c
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3½x5½, 4x5, and Post Cards, each.....	5c
Special Price on Post Cards or Prints in Lots of 100 or Over	

**RAY'S STUDIO**

OVER NICHOLS' SHOE STORE

PHONE 1704

PACK SQUARE

### A WORD OF CAUTION

Captain Benjamin K. Hays, in a lecture before the men connected with the messes on last Friday night, said in part:

"Diseases that are communicated directly from person to person are caught in but one way and that is by the direct transmission of the moisture from the mouth, nose or throat of the sick person to the well person. If, at the beginning of the recent epidemic of grip, every person in this country had worn a pad of gauze over the mouth and nose the spread of the disease would have been immediately stopped.

"The germs which cause the communicable diseases, such as influenza, tuberculosis, whooping cough, diphtheria, measles, scarlet fever and common "colds" live and grow in but one place and that place is the human body. What animal tissue is eaten raw? To this question some of the men answered oysters and others said apples. The speaker continued: What one universal article of food is an animal tissue and is eaten raw? Milk. There is more sickness from the use of milk than from all other food stuffs combined. Milk is practically the only article of food in which germs will live and grow. It is, therefore, of the highest importance that every possible precaution to prevent contamination should be taken in handling milk.

"I said that the one chief place from which the germs are obtained that cause disease is the sputum from the mouth. More diseases are caught by getting the moisture from another persons mouth into your mouth than from all other sources combined. There is one important communicable disease that forms a striking exception to this rule and that is typhoid fever. The germs of typhoid fever live in the intestinal tract of human beings. There is but one possible way to catch typhoid fever and that is to get the bowel excretions of a typhoid patient (or typhoid carrier) into your mouth. This is done most frequently by means of drinking water, milk and flies. It is also frequently done by cooks. The dirt under the finger nails of cooks is often rubbed into the food and in this way produces disease.

"But the one important thing for a cook to remember is not to let the moisture from his mouth get into the food that he handles. Coughing, talking, sneezing and spitting over food are certain to cause moisture from the mouth to fall upon the food and it is in this way that cooks spread disease.





Some soldiers, from the Hospital on the hill, was passin' by yesterday and they had a lot to say. One said that we would all be discharged before Christmas.

★ ★

Transfer to the Navy and get a well-earned rest.

★ ★

We will have all the sugar we want now since peace is here.

★ ★

That the recent dress shoes have arrived.

★ ★

A cabaret with a *real* jazz band will open in Asheville.

★ ★

A *pretty* girl for every man on the post.

★ ★

Each man to receive an engraved permanent pass.

★ ★

A telephone and a lavender bed lamp beside each cot.

★ ★

That the Exchange will sell drinks for a nickel now since we are all peaceful.

★ ★

That The Oteen staff really work like the devil.

★ ★

That there will be a sale of personally owned equipment next Friday among the detachment men. Rope leggings at a sacrifice.

★ ★

No more uncooked sow belly and soured pots anymore.

★ ★

An apple a day at mess—you know.

★ ★

That carfare home maybe gained over the green cloth.

★ ★

That he Kahn hardly handle all the boys on the hill.

★ ★

That they concoct some queer things in the pharmaceutical labs.

★ ★

These days of military opportunity, a gold bar is easier of access for a Private than a mahogany bar.

## Make the Star Market Your Market



You need look no further than the Star Market for Fresh Meats and Tender Poultry—at reasonable prices.

*We are Successful Caterers to a Variety of Appetites*

Simplify your shopping problems. When in need of anything in the Ready-to-Wear Goods, Dry Goods and Millinery see us. Quality Merchandise plus Economy Prices. If you cannot come in Phone or Write us.

### M. LEVITT

3 BILTMORE AVENUE

PHONE 256

## Your Portrait

*for the Holidays*

will delight the home folks and preserve the memory of your patriotic service. Make the appointment today. Phone 775

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Next to Princess Theatre



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TRANSFER  
and  
COAL  
COMPANY**

PATTON AVENUE AND  
GOVERNMENT STREET

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Day Phone 1041 Night Phone 2361

**E. J. GRISET  
New 7-Passenger Reo  
"6" For Hire**

*"To Parties Who Care"*



Special Attention Given to Soldiers

**COL. BUSHNELL'S VISIT**

Col. Bushnell has been among us. He looked over our great hospital and called it good. He delivered five lectures and we called them great. He brought much information that was timely and important. He had a clear message for the officers, he had a definite message for the patients. The scientific digest of these is not for this report, but their practical application is distinctly for each and all of us. The patient must be taught how and why to live a tuberculous life. Such knowledge is important to their future, to their families, their loved ones and their friends.

Further, the very fiber of the Nation is involved in the spread and operation of such knowledge. Nurses, corpsmen and officers as well as the patients must learn, practice and preach these truths.

A good officer is truly the friend of his patient. The surgeon who is not the friend of the soldiers is not a good physician, and his patient will know him.

A good soldier must be a good patient. He is a sick man. He can be cured. If he acts as he wishes, or according to how he feels, he will lose his chances for health. The medical officer has made great effort by time and special training to know tuberculosis and to understand the condition and needs of his patients. He has been chosen with great care to serve the men who have so nobly served their country. They in turn must abide by the judgment of these able specialists. Too often the patient believes it is easy to take the cure. This is a mistake. It is necessary to make the cure, as well as take it. Nothing requires greater self-control, that to trust others to do your thinking, to be in bed and rest when you feel well. A broken leg would help many patients to recover, for they would understand why they should be quiet. Such quiet is necessary to the healing of the lung. And for this same reason a patient should repress his cough. He ordinarily thinks that the mucous contains germs that would repoint his system, and so should be expelled at once. This is not true, because the air passages are lined with little brush-like cells which will bring the mucous, when ready, to the throat, from where, with little effort, it can be expelled. It is true that every time a patient coughs deep he strains or tears the delicate tissue of his lungs, and so retards his recovery. Again, nothing is more dangerous for a patient than improper over-eating. The only food that is valuable is that which is

THE BIGGEST, BUSIEST, BEST, AND MOST POPULAR PLACE TO  
MEET YOUR FRIENDS IN THE CITY

**GOODE'S DRUG STORE, Inc.**  
*DRUGGISTS*

PHONE 718

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

*At the Post Exchange You Get*  
**"CAROLINA SPECIAL"**  
*"The Ice Cream Supreme"*



**CAROLINA  
CREAMERY  
COMPANY**

*Superior Milk Products*



digested. Undigested food becomes a poison, clogs the bowels and produces inflammation in an already infected spot; in this case the lungs. Therefore, the patient should consult the officer in charge as to the food obtained outside the mess as well as to his assigned diet.

Another truth learned will help check the spread of tuberculosis, is that it is most easily contracted in infancy. The crying and crawling time, the dirty age, is the dangerous age, and patients must learn to protect children especially from infections, while nurses, corporals and doctors must serve the nation of the future by prevention, as well as the nation of the past and present by cure.

The patients must know that they will be returned home as soon as possible, after their lungs have healed. Furloughs are detrimental and should not be granted during the treatment. Col. Bushnell said that he would not hold in high esteem officers who granted furloughs.

The time to show real patriotism and self-denial and sacrifice for country is now. It was easy to come into the Army when everyone was calling us heroes, but with the war almost over, and the sick soldiers needing our services, it is a bad time for officers or men or nurses as well as for patients to desert the work. From now on officers may expect little reward, as promotions have been withdrawn, but the men who have shown such devotion to country, humanity and science can be expected to stay at their posts through this crisis, although material gains have been abrogated.

Colonel Bushnell assured us that knowledge gained and duty well done would prove an ample reward.

#### THE ULTIMATE AUTOMOBILE

The up-to-date automobile Pullman with birth and diner are coming. Those who have the money can provide almost any comfortable automobile conveyance they desire.

"And then some morning we'll walk into the garage and find a litter of little Henrys all yelling for gasoline," says Captain Whitledge.

What does this mean? asked the farmer when he found his new hired man lying full length under a tree at eleven o'clock in the morning. "I thought you professed to be a man who never got tired." "I don't replied the hired man calmly. "This doesn't tire me."

## GET A FURLOUGH?

### Going Away Soon?

### Going to Need a *Hand Bag* or a *Suit Case*?

Our stock comprises a wide range of styles and qualities—Bags and Suit Cases of Leather, \$7.00 to \$40.00; Bags and Suit Cases of Imitation Leather and Matting, \$1.25 to \$6.50.

*Bon Marche*

## KNOW YOUR BARBER

and the Palace Barber Shop is your barber. It is your barber because all work is done satisfactorily and by the most sanitary methods.

### PALACE BARBER SHOP

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37 PATTON AVENUE

## Christmas Cards, Books, Stationery

You'll want to send cards to friends and dear ones—we have them from a cent up to 50 cents and even more—beautiful and expressive.

Many, many thousands of books by prominent authors, and especially beautiful Christmas Books—you can best express your real sentiments through Books properly selected. From 65 cents each up.

Waterman's Fountain Pens are always acceptable, \$2.50 up. They write right ALWAYS. A pen to fit every hand, every pocket, and every pocketbook. Lots of other things here, too, that will prove suitable for gift purposes.

### Rogers' Book Store

39 PATTON AVE.

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ASHEVILLE, N. C.



## As you Were!

FOLLOW YOUR NATURAL INCLINATION TO DRESS CONSERVATIVELY, AS YOU WERE IN CIVILIAN LIFE.  
SHOULD YOU WANT

O. D. WOOL SHIRTS  
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DROP IN TO SEE US

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8 BILTMORE AVENUE

*"Just a Whisper off the Square"*

## BARON BEHEN'S WAYSIDE INN

*"At the Fork in the Road"*

BUNCOMBE COUNTY'S ONLY ARISTOCRATIC ROADHOUSE  
CHICKEN DINNERS A SPECIALTY—MUSIC  
PRIVATE DINING ROOM

## Armour & Company

MEAT PACKERS



We are supplying three of the largest Government Hospitals in North Carolina with Foodstuffs.  
This speaks well for Armour Quality and Armour Service.

## TOAST TO OUR RETIRING OFFICER

The following toast, published by request, was delivered by Capt. B. K. Hays at a dinner recently given by the Staff of this Hospital to the retiring Chief of the Medical Staff, Major Wm. G. Turnbull.

When our army life is ended  
And we rest once more at home—  
When our labors are suspended  
And we think of what we've done—

We shall dream of old Azalea,  
And its newer name Oteen;  
Not a memory shall fail you—  
"Army Hospital Nineteen."

We shall think of streams and mountains  
And the horrible buss  
That rattled us to Asheville—  
Daily growing worse and worse.

We shall think of drills and hikings,  
And of Kinderman, so fine—  
"What the hell's the matter with you,  
Can't you keep your feet in line?"

We shall think of daybreak breakfasts  
And of soup so stiff and cold,  
And of paper forms so varied  
'Twere a burden to our souls.

We shall think of all the fellows  
With their highly polished "putts,"  
With the brass upon their shoulders  
And the brass within their struts.

We shall think of X-Ray pictures  
And of Dunham's charming face—  
"Activity at the apex,  
And fibrosis at the base."

We shall think of our Commander,  
Whom we thought away so far,  
Briskly stepping on the corridor  
Where we smoked a big cigar.

We shall think of how Miss Standish  
Caught us flirting with a nurse—  
How we thought ere she had finished  
We'd be hauled off in a hearse.

We shall think of many hardships—  
Yet we'll hold the memory blessed,  
For the joy of faithful duty  
Done, resides within our breasts.

We shall think of charming faces,  
Loyal friends—'tis my belief  
That our finest vision will be—  
Memories of our Medical Chief.



## ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By Beatrice Bareback

Dear Miss Bareback: My husband is always taking a chance and he always is losing. What can I do about it?

MISERY.

Misery: Well, he took you.

— ★ —

My Dear Beatrice: What can I get for a pale complexion?

S. YNGLE.

Miss Yngle: What do you want for it?

— ★ —

Kid Bareback: The cops all over the East are looking for me. What shall I do?

GYP THE GYPER.

Gyp the Gyper: Go West, young man, go West.

— ★ —

Dead Beat: I think that you are a fraud and a fake. I dare you answer.

SOLOMON.

Solomon: \*\*?-O(—!!\*-' ,?\*\*\*\*\*66—  
??//?\*\*\*\*\*.

— ★ —

Beatrice Bareback: My wife is always suspicious whenever my breath has the odor of cloves. Can you suggest anything.

IMA SOUSE.

Souse: Coffee beans.

— ★ —

What do you think? I am the father of a bouncing baby girl.

DYPY.

Dypy: The poor kid!

## A SOLDIER'S PRAYER

Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my clothes to keep;  
Grant no other soldier take  
My socks or shoes before I wake.

Keep me safely in Thy sight;  
Grant no fire calls sound at night,  
And in the morning let me wake,  
Breathing scents of sirloin steak.

Deliver me from work and drills,  
And when I'm sick don't feed me pills;  
And should I hurt this hand of mine,  
Don't daub it up with iodine.

On my snowy mattress bed,  
There I long to lay my head;  
Far away from all other scenes  
And from the smell of half-baked beans.

Take me back into the land  
Where I can walk without a band,  
Where no thrilling bugle blows  
And where the women wash the clothes.  
Amen.

## Gifts

for

MEN AND WOMEN

A Good Place to Shop  
For Christmas

Anthony Bros  
OUTFITTERS TO MEN AND WOMEN

35 PATTON AVENUE

ORIGINAL



CANDIES PLEASE EVERYBODY

WALKER'S DRUG STORE

SOLE AGENTS

PHONES 183-132

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

## The New Haywood Grill

MARION A. PUTNAM

MORE AND MORE PEOPLE ARE EVERY  
DAY LEARNING OF THE EXCELLENT  
MEALS SERVED AT THE HAYWOOD  
GRILL BE CONVINCED



"We Serve to Please"



# at ease

You are always at ease when shopping at The Leader. Quality Merchandise and Moderate Prices is the combination you will find here.

Now is the time to think of Holiday Gifts. We can simplify your Gift Problem.

## THE LEADER

*A Modern Department Store in all its Branches*

PATTON AVENUE

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

YOUR FRIENDS WILL APPRECIATE A GOOD PORTRAIT OF YOU  
SPECIAL PRICES TO SOLDIERS AND NURSES  
APPOINTMENT BY PHONE 1616

*Higgason*  
STUDIO

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OPPOSITE POSTOFFICE

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With fresh realization of what America  
means to us all, we extend

*Best Wishes and  
Cordial Greetings*

## WACHOVIA BANK & TRUST COMPANY

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$2,000,000.00  
MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

*Four Per Cent Interest Allowed on Time Deposits*

(Continued from page 2)

selves then, because they were, and tuned up to a high pitch of nervous intensity at the thought of going into battle for the first time. There were thousands of other American soldiers on both sides of our line desperately eager to get into it. Though a battle is not a pleasant pastime, with all our training, we wanted to pass the test of it and measure up to the spirit of those that had gone in before. Later the barrage started, carried on by the Britishers, which swept the ground in front of us with a backward blast of shell splinters and an infernal tumult of drum fire. We could not tell in the confusion whether it was the British barrage or the enemy's. We seemed to be in the center of its fury, and were surprised to find ourselves alive, and still moving forward with our comrades—the Australians on both sides of us. The barrage passed like a storm, leaving a perfect peace. It was so astounding to us that we lost our breaths, but we held onto our nerves for further orders, which were not long in coming. The line of country in front of us and the French system beyond was over a little ridge and then into a valley, and then over another small ridge of ground. In the valley we were held up by a profusion of barbed wire and machine-gun fire, and beyond that, in the trench system, which we had come onto we encountered the real fighting. Suddenly out of the open ground it seemed they came on us—those advancing shouting something with "Kamerad" in it. All I seemed to remember yelling was "Kamerad Hell!"—and pulled on with the line. We thinned out somewhat, and it wasn't long before I had my man spotted, and he me. I had come 4000 miles in anticipation and wasn't going to miss this fellow.

Being settled and ready for him, my gun had about a second the better of his. I aimed at his mouth, allowing for the rise of the bullet, and the kick. As he fired, I actually felt the concussion against my face—we were so close; then a hot sharp pain in my right side, as if some one had suddenly pushed a white hot knife blade along under my ribs when I hadn't been looking. My man dropped back limp, as I pressed on, and I suddenly began to realize I was lagging behind the line—everything began to grow light in front of me—twice I stumbled to my knees—and by the greatest efforts I tried to make up the ground that I had lost—and when I found I was unable to stand on my feet I began to crawl but it was all such slow work—then I lost consciousness.



The next thing I knew I was safely tucked in a bed at a base hospital—and when I asked what had become of my battalion that had left me in the open, I was informed they had captured the position at a very slight sacrifice, but I had received a side wound, nothing serious, and I'd be patched up and permitted to go back into the fray at a very early day. But that day didn't come. I was slow in mending—and my battalion went on in to bigger victories.

Sixty days from that time I was examined and classed as unfit for further service. The feeling came to me then that the experiences I had undergone, perhaps not elaborated on where I might in this narrative, had benefited me more than words can tell—because it had given me an opportunity to serve as the million and one fellows are doing now, and have done. I wouldn't pass the venture up for a fortune.

Now we are here at Oteen, with plenty of time to think it all over. With the aid of Uncle Sammy and his corps of helpers, I am endeavoring to get back into the fight of life with the same keen spirit that prompted me to get into the rough of it over there. Now that our Chief Aim has been gained in the big way, the adjustment is taking place in all spheres—and it comes down to us as individuals—shall we see our Chief Aim accomplished here? I am sure we will. And may my little narrative have proven nearly the interest to you it has given me in writing it for you.

#### MUSIC

The bi-weekly ward concerts which were introduced three weeks ago by Mrs. Ilsen, and which we hope are to be continued indefinitely, are giving great pleasure to all who hear them. Those who are assisting Miss Wetmore, who has charge of this activity, by giving their time and talent, are appreciated more than they can possibly be aware. Among those who have recently come to us, are Mrs. Gray Boynton and Miss Cora Galer, of Asheville, Pvt. Joseph Stoopack, Med. Dept. G. H. 12, Messrs. Edward, Augustus and Walter Presley, of Arden and Mr. C. P. Hurfurth and Miss Beaudery from the Asheville School.

The anticipated early arrival of the instruments for the band will soon give us a chance to demonstrate what we can do for ourselves. The assignments to this organization, will be extremely desirable, and if the men who are fortunate enough to secure them, will enter the practicing and rehearsals with enthusiasm, we will soon have a band that will be a real credit to G. H. 19.

Headquarters for G. H. No. 19  
Oteen Officers and Men  
Uniforms and Accessories

**I. W. GLASER**

Men's Quality Shop

16 Patton Ave.

**ASHEVILLE BOOTERY CO., INC.**

*Dealers in Exclusive  
Shoes and Hosiery*

We Specialize in Quality, Style  
and Moderate Prices

47 PATTON AVE., ASHEVILLE

WHEN YOU PATRONIZE

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You are certain of obtaining the best that money can buy. Such world famous brands as Mark Cross Leather Goods, Hanan's Shoes and Rogers Peets' Clothing can be purchased at this Store. With such stock as this, it is synonymous with an ironclad guarantee. Nurses and soldiers are assured that a complete stock of military requisites are on hand.

*The Department Store of the South*

11 PATTON AVENUE

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**WE** specialize in handling uniforms — and make them like new. Our service is efficient and prompt. A card will secure our best attention.

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ASHEVILLE, N. C.

*Paramount*  
**DRUG CO.**

PRESCRIPTIONS filled promptly and compounded of the purest, freshest drugs. Three competent registered pharmacists.

SICK ROOM SUPPLIES, including a large stock of Rubber Goods of the best makes.

LUNCHEONETTE DEPARTMENT, where you will find palatable soups, sandwiches, etc.

FOUNTAIN DRINKS, the best and most appetizing in the city.

MUSIC by Pappalardo's three-piece Orchestra each afternoon from 4 to 6.

43 PATTON AVENUE

J. S. CLAVERIE, Manager

ALL THE *Coca-Cola* AND SODAS

SOLD AT THIS POST  
ARE SUPPLIED BY

**COCA-COLA BOTTLING CO.**  
ASHEVILLE, N. C.

*Every Bottle is Sterilized and Inspected*

## INSURANCE

An active campaign will be started immediately to inform all enlisted men and officers as to their rights and privileges in connection with the continuation and conversion of United States Government insurance.

Every person in the military service holding Government Insurance will be permitted to carry it in its present form for not more than five years after leaving the service. During that period he may convert the present term insurance into standard forms of Government Insurance including ordinary life, twenty payment life, endowment maturing at the age of sixty-two and the other usual forms. Soldiers may continue to carry Government Insurance after he is discharged from the service.

Soldiers are advised against permitting their insurance to lapse as they will lose valuable rights to convert the same into standard forms of Government Insurance.

It is believed that the insurance officer will institute a vigorous campaign in the form of personal talks, bulletins, circulars and systematic canvassing, in order to explain the advantages of carrying this form of insurance. No soldier should be permitted to drop his insurance until he has been informed of the advantages of converting it into some form of after-the-war insurance has been carefully explained.

## THE LATEST IN CALISTHENICS

1. Wiggle the hips—exercise. (To be done in two counts; 1st Sergeant beating on the tom-toms.)

2. Extended ears—upward—sideward—downward and out. (To be done in four counts.)

3. Hands on nose—place. This will be found a very convenient position in which to conduct exercises.

4. Hair on end—raise. (To be done in three counts.)

5. Thrust right leg upward and outward and at the same time place left foot in mouth. This involves the use of nearly every muscle in body and a great many others as well. (To be done in eight counts.)

6. Describe small circles with the eyeballs at the same time flexing the eyebrows. (No count.)

7. Head between knees—place. Place hands on ground, lift up feet and rock forward and backward on thumb and forefinger. (To be done in ten and a half counts.)

8. Wallow in the mud—ready—wallow. To be done to accompaniment of shrieks of merriment from sergeants who are exempt from exercise.

*Yale Record*



## Northup-McDuffie Hardware Company

SUCCESSORS TO BROWN-NORTHUP  
AND COMPANY

**Jobbers and  
Dealers in  
Anything in  
Hardware**

**No. 33 PATTON AVE.  
ASHEVILLE, N.C.**

## Western Produce Co.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

It takes an enormous quantity of food to feed one of the largest Government Hospitals in the United States—G. H. No. 19.

We play a large part in the supplying of it.

## HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT ABOUT THE—

Civil Engineer, now working in the X-Ray Laboratory?

Actor, now handing out clothes?

Drug Clerk, now pushing 3000-pound cases around?

Dress Goods Salesman, now on the Pick and Shovel Squad?

Dry Goods Clerk, now washing windows?

Electrician, now cooking for us?

Stocks and Bonds Salesmen, now Ward Aides?

Farmers, now running our offices?

Boilermakers, now in our Canteen.

Office Boys, now washing dishes?

Our Boss, now a Line Private and me a Corporal giving him orders?

It's wonderful what Uncle Sam can make you do!

—C.M.

## Red Circle Club

16 BROADWAY

Canteen, Pool, Reading and Writing Room always open.



## Red Circle Hotel

370 DEPOT STREET

Open Night and Day. The best of everything at as nearly cost as we can make it.

War Camp Community Service. Every Man in Uniform knows what that means.



## Men's Army Shoes

AND

## NURSES' SHOES

THAT FIT BIG AND LOOK LITTLE

## Nichols' Shoe Co.

On the Square

Asheville

North Carolina

## The House of Gifts

It's merely a simple message that we would send the folks who people the busy City of Healing, and short: we will supply you with inexpensive gifts just as happily as we will the more elaborate and costly kind. And in both the one case and the other, we shall hope to make you a friend of the House that Henderson Built

**HENDERSON,**  
52 Patton Avenue

*Your Jeweler*  
Near Postoffice



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important that you keep constantly informed about the condition of your eyes. Our service is to prevent eye trouble as well as to correct it.

We invite all wearers of spectacles or eyeglasses to call upon us at least once a month, in order that we may adjust their glasses and see that they are in proper condition.

For this we may no charge, whether purchased here or elsewhere.

**CHARLES H. HONESS**

*Optometrist and Optician  
Eyestrain Specialist*

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## The Candy Kitchen

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### TO SECOND LIEUTENANTS

The author of "What Men Will Wear" wishes to say the article did not read "Officers including Second Lieutenants," but did read "Officers including Lieutenants," which of course includes himself. The horrible mistake was undoubtedly made by the Editorial Staff.

### NATURAL PHILOSOPHY

Old Mr. Toad should never worry! He can always have his hops in spite of bone dry laws.

### QUESTION OF COSTUME

"How are you going to vote, Grace?"  
"Depends on the weather. If it rains, I suppose I'll have to vote in a mackintosh."

—Judge.

### AN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Received today "The Oteen,"  
As good a sheet as I've ever seen.  
Glad that you should think to send  
Such a jolly paper to your friend.

I have read it through and through,  
To myself and others too.  
With interest I have scanned its pages,  
Enjoyed its fun: honored its sages.

"Who's dead?" made us laugh a bit;  
"Patriotism" sent us in a fit.  
'Tis useless, an attempt, I ween,  
To tell all the good things in "The Oteen".

The Editorial truly is great;  
Disease will spread at a terrible rate,  
Unless united effort is made,  
And Uncle Sam's doctors be obeyed.

So, here's to the Oteen staff,  
The best of life may they ever quaff.  
Long life and happiness lie at the door  
Of every contributor to its lore.

Dear Mr. Commander:

I heard a well meant remark  
the other day,  
passed by one of the  
boys,  
and it seemed to me that  
he was right,  
as it was for  
the good of the men  
on duty here,  
and is now in  
practice in many  
of the larger camps  
and I hope  
it will not be  
out of place  
to repeat this  
little remark,  
so here it is:

When will this camp  
adopt the winter schedule?  
Reveille at six-thirty,  
Breakfast at seven,  
Work from eight till four-thirty  
Retreat at the usual time,  
Mess at five-thirty,  
Commissioned men get up  
after seven. We are out on the  
cold flat at five-thirty—  
and details do not call  
until eight.

I thank you.

—T.C.F.



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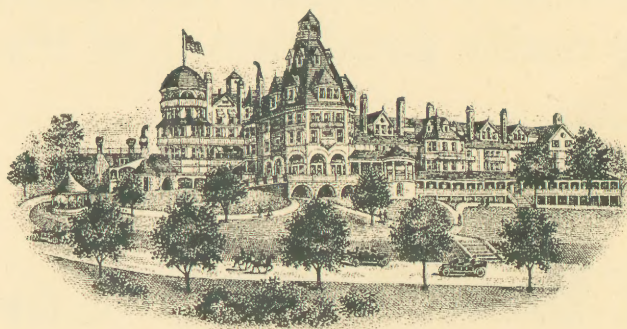
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# PASSWORDS

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Military men have various forms of address whereby they determine whether a man is friend or enemy.

Civilian men have their tests, too—by which they have learned to judge a man's qualifications for this or that responsibility or avocation. Every young man is subjected to these tests. When it happens that a young man can say "My Bank" in such a manner as will prove his acquaintance with another than that department of the Bank which is presided over by the Paying Teller, he will be invited to advance through the lines which exclude the spendthrift from the really good things of life.

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